2d

Mœonia.

OR,

CERTAINE

excellent Poems and ſpiri-
tuall Hymnes:

Omitted in the laſt Impreſſion of Peters Complaint; being needefull thereunto to be annexed, as being both Diuine and Wittie.

All compoſed by R.S.

LONDON
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СЕРГАЛИЕВ

The Printer to the Gentlemen Readers.

HAuing beheld (kind Gentlemen) the numberlesse Iudges of not to be reckoned labours, with what kind admiration you haue entertained the diuine Complaint of holie Peter; and hauing in my hands certaine especiall Poems and diuine Meditations, full as woorthie belonging to the same, I thought it a charitable deede to giue them life in your memories, which els should die in an obscure sacrifice, gently embrace them, gentle censurers of gentle indeuors: so shall you not be fantastike in diuersity of opinions, nor contradict your resolues by

denying your former iudgements, but ſtill bee your ſelues diſcreetely vertuous, nor could I other wiſh, but that the courteous reader of theſe labors, not hauing already bought Peters Complaint, would not for ſo ſmall a mite of money looſe ſo rich a treaſure of heauenly wiſdome as theſe two Treatiſes ſhould miniſter vnto him, the one ſo needefully depending on the other. One thing amongſt the reſt I am to admoniſh thee of, that hauing in this Treatiſe read Maries viſitation, the next that ſhould follow is Chriſts natiuity, but being afore printed in the ende of Peters Complaint, we haue heere of purpoſe omitted; that thou ſhouldeſt not be abridged of that and the other like comfort which that other treatiſe profereth thee.

Yours (kind Gentlemen) in all his abilities. I. B.

The Virgine Maries conception.

OVR ſecond *Eue* puts on her mortall ſhroude,
Erth breeds a heauen, for Gods new dwelling (place,
Now riſeth vp *Elias* little cloude
That growing, ſhal diſtil the ſhowre of grace:
Her being now begins, who ere ſhe end,
Shall bring our good that ſhall our ill amend,
Both Grace and Nature did their force vnite,
To make this babe the ſumme of all their beſt,
Our moſt, her leaſt, our million, but her mite:
Shee was at eaſieſt rate worth all the reſt,
What grace to men or Angels God did part,
Was all vnited in this infants heart.
Foure only wights bred without fault are namde,
And all the reſt conceiued were in ſinne,
Without both man and wife was *Adam* framde
Of man, but not of wife did *Eue* beginne,
Wife without touch of man Chriſts mother was,
Of man and wife this babe was borne in grace.

Her Natiuitie.

IOy in the riſing of our Orient ſtar, (light,
That ſhal bring forth the Sunne that lent her
Ioy in the peace that ſhall conclude our war,
And ſoon rebate the edge of Sathans ſpight,
Load-ſtarre of all incloſed in worldly waues,
The care and compaſſe that from ſhip-wracke ſaues,
The Patriarches and Prophets were the flowers,
Which Time by courſe of ages did diſtill,
And cal'd into his little cloud the ſhowers,
Whoſe gratious drops the world with ioy ſhall fil,
Whoſe moiſture ſuppleth euerie ſoule with grace,
And bringeth life to *Adams* dying race.
For God on earth which is the royall throne,
The choſen cloth to make his mortall weede,
The quarry to cut out our corner ſtone,
Soile ful of fruit, yet free from mortall ſeede,
For heauenly flowre ſhee is the *Ieſſa* rod,
The childe of man, the parent of a god,

Her

Her Spousals.

WIfe did she liue, yet virgin did she die,
Vntaught of man, yet mother of a sonne.
To saue her selfe and childe from fatall lie,
To end the web wherof the thred was spon
In mariage knots to *Ioseph* she was tide.
Vnwonted workes with wonted wiles to hide
God lent his paradise to *Iosephs* care,
Wherein he was to plant the tree of life,
His sonne of *Iosephs* child the title bare:
Iust cause to make the mother *Iosephs* wife,
O blessed man betroth'd to such a spouse,
More bless'd to liue with such a child in house:
No carnall loue this sacred league procurde,
Al vaine delights were farre from their assent,
Though both themselues in wedlocke bands assurde,
Yet chaste by vow they seald their chaste intent.
Thus had the Virgins, wiues, and widowes crowne,
And by chast child-birth doubled their renowne.

I. untouched — Balliol 1620

The Virgins ſalutation.

SPell *Eua* backe and *Aue* ſhall you finde,
The firſt began, the laſt reuerſt our harmes,
An Angels *Aue* diſinchants the charmes,
Death firſt by womans weaknes entred in,
In womans vertue life doth now begin.
O Virgins breaſt the heauens to thee incline,
In thee they ioy, and ſoueraigne thee agnize,
Too meane their glorie is to match with thine,
Whoſe chaſte receit God more then heauen did prize,
Haile faireſt heauen, that heauen and earth do bleſſe,
Where vertues ſtarre Gods ſunne of iuſtice is,
With hauty minde to godhead man aſpirde,
And was by pride from place of pleaſure chac'de,
With louing minde our manhood God deſirde,
And vs by loue in greater pleaſure plac'de,
Man labouring to aſcend procurde our fall,
God yeelding to diſcend cut off our thrall.

The Viſitation.

PRoclaimed Queene and mother of a God,
The light of earth, the ſoueraigne of Saints,
With Pilgrim foote, vp tiring hils ſhe trod,
And heuenly ſtile with handmaids toile ac-
Her youth to age, her ſelfe to ſicke ſhe lends, (quaints
Her heart to God, to neighbours hand ſhe bends,
A prince ſhe is, and mightier prince doth beare,
Yet pompe of princely traine ſhe would not haue,
But doubtles heauenly Quires attendant were,
Her child from harme her ſelfe from harme to ſaue,
Word to the voice, ſong to the tune ſhe brings,
The voice her word, the tune her dittie ſings,
Eternall lights incloſed in her breaſt,
Shot out ſuch piercing beames of burning loue,
That when her voice her coſens eares poſſeſt,
The force thereof did cauſe her babe to moue,
With ſecret ſignes the children greet each other,
But open praiſe each leaueth to his mother.

1 fole - Eliz: 1622 - 12°

His circumciſion.

THe head is launſt to worke the bodies cure,
with angry ſalue it ſmarts to heal our woũd
To faultleſſe ſonne from al offences pure,
The faulty vaſſals ſcourges do redound,
The Iudge is caſt the guilty to acquite,
The ſunne defac'd to lend the ſtarre his light,
The vine of life diſtilleth drops of grace,
Our rocke giues iſſue to an heauenly ſpring,
Tears from the eies, blood runnes from wounded place
Which ſhowers to heauen, of ioy a harueſt bring:
This ſacred dew let angels gather vp,
Such ſacred drops beſt fit their nectared cup.
With weeping eies his mother rewd his ſmart,
If blood from him, teares came from her as faſt,
The knife that cut his fleſh did pierce his[2] heart,
The paine that Ieſus ſet[3] did *Mary* taſte,
His life and hers hung by one fatall twiſt,
No blow that hit the ſonne the mother miſt.

The

his, 1620 - 2her 1620 - 3felt, 1620 -

The Epiphanie.

TO blaze the riſing of this glorious ſunne,
A glittering ſtarre appeareth in the eaſt,
Whoſe ſight to pilgrims toile three ſages wun
To ſeeke the light they long had in requeſt:
And by this ſtarre to nobler ſtarre they pace,
Whoſe armes did their deſired ſinne imbrace:
Stall was the sky wherein thoſe plannets ſhinde,
And want the cloud that did eclipſe their raines,
Yet through this cloud their paſſage they did finde,
And pierc'd theſe ſages hearts by ſecret waies,
Which made them know the ruler of the skies,
By infant tongue and lookes of babiſh eies,
Heauen at her light, earth bluſhes at her pride,
And of their pompe theſe peeres aſhamed be,
Their crownes, their robes, their traines they ſet aſide.
When Gods poore cottage, clouts, and crew they ſee,
All glorious things their glorie now deſpiſe,
Sith God Contempt doth more then glory praiſe,
Three gifts they bring, three gifts they beare away,
For incenſe mirre, and gold, faith, hope, and loue,
And with their gifts the giuers hearts do ſtay,
Their mind from Chriſt, no parting can remoue,
His humble ſtate, his ſtall, his poore retinew
They fancy more then all their rich reuenew.

The Preſentation.

TO be redeemed the worlds Redeemer brought
Two ſilly turtle doues for ranſome paies,
O wares with empires worthy to be bought,
This eaſie rate doth ſound, not drowne thy praiſe,
For ſith no price can to thy worth amount,
A doue, yea loue, due price thou doeſt account,
Old *Simeon*, cheape penny worth and ſweete,
Obteind when thee in armes he did imbrace,
His weeping eies thy ſmiling lookes did meet,
Thy loue his heart, thy kiſſes bleſt his face,
O eies, O hart, meane ſights and loues auoyde,
Baſe not your ſelues, your beſt you haue enioyde,
O virgin pure thou doſt thoſe doues preſent
As due to lawe, not as an equall price,
To buy ſuch ware thou wouldſt thy ſelfe haue ſpent,
The world to reach his worth could not ſuffice,
If God were to be bought, not worldly pelfe,
But thou wert fitteſt price next God himſelfe.

The

The flight into Egypt.

ALas our day is forſt to flie by night
Light without light, and ſunne by ſilent ſhade,
O nature bluſh that ſuffreſt ſuch a wight,
That in thy ſunne thy darke eclipſe haſt made,
Day to his eies, light to his ſteps denie,
That hates the light which graceth euery eie,
Sunne being fled the ſtarres do looſe their light,
And ſhining beames, in bloodie ſtreames they drench.
A cruell ſtorme of *Herods* mortall ſpight
Their liues and lights with bloody ſhowers do quench
The tyrant to be ſure of murdring one,
For feare of ſparing him doth pardon none.
O bleſſed babes, firſt flowers of chriſtian ſpring,
Who though vntimely cropt faire garlandes frame,
With open throats and ſilent mouthes you ſing,
His praiſe whom age permits you not to name,
Your tunes are teares, your inſtruments are ſwords,
Your ditty death, and blood in hew of wordes.

Lien 1620

Christs returne out of Egypt.

VVHen death and hell their right in *Herod* claime,
Christ from exile returnes to natiue soile:
There, with his life more deepely death to maime
Then death did life by all the infantes spoile.
He shewed the parents that the babes did mone,
That all their liues were lesse then his alone.
But hearing *Herods* sonne to haue the crowne,
The impious offspring of the bloudy sire,
To *Nazareth* (of heauen beloued) towne,
Flowre to a flowre he fitly doth retire.
For he is a flower, and in a flower he bred,
And from a thorne now to a flowre he fled.
And well deserud this flower his fruit to view
Where hee inuested was in mortall weede,
Where first vnto a tender bud he grew
In virgin branch vnstaind with mortall seede.
Young flower, with flowers, in flower well may he be:
Ripe fruit he must with thornes hang on a tree.

Christs

Christes bloody ſweat.

FAt ſoile, full ſpring, ſweete oliue, grape of bliſſe,
That yeelds, that ſtreams, that powers, that doſt diſtil
Vntild, vndrawne, vnſtampt, vntoucht of preſſe,
Deare fruit, cleare brookes, faire oile, ſweete wine at will:
Thus Chriſt vnforſt preuents in ſheeding blood
The whips, the thornes, the naile, the ſpeare, and roode.
He Pelicans, he Phenix fate doth proue,
Whom flames conſume when ſtreames enforce to die,
How burneth bloud, how bleedeth burning loue?
Can one in flame and ſtreame both bath and frie?
How would he ioine a Phenix fiery paines
In fainting Pelicans ſtill bleeding vaines?

Christs sleeping friends.

When Christ with care & pangs of death oppreſt
From frighted fleſh a bloody ſweate did raine,
And full of feare without repoſe or reſt
In agony did watch and pray in vaine
Three ſundrie times he his diſciples findes
With heauie eies, but farre more heauie mindes,
With milde rebuke he warned them to wake:
Yet ſleepe did ſtill their drouſie ſences hold.
As when the ſunne the brighteſt ſhew doth make
In darkeſt ſhrouds the night birds them infolde,
His foes did watch to worke their cruell ſpight,
His drouſie friends ſlept in his hardeſt night.
As *Ionas* ſayled once from *Ioppaes* ſhoare,
A boyſtrous tempeſt in the aire did broile,
The waues did rage, the thundring heauens did roare,
The ſtones, the rockes, the lightnings threatned ſpoile,
The ſhippe was billowes game, and chaunces pray,
Yet careleſſe *Ionas* mute and ſlumbring lay:

So

1 Did watch and pray in vaine and feare — 1620
2 with dull heauy minds 1620
3 The Storms 1620

So now though *Iudas* like a bluſtring guſt,
Do ſtirre the furious ſea of Iewiſh ire,
Though ſtorming troopes in quarrels moſt vniuſt
Againſt the barke of all our bliſſe conſpire,
Yet theſe diſciples ſleeping lie ſecure,
As though their wonted calmes did ſtill endure.
Ionas once his heauie limmes to reſt,
Did ſhrowd himſelfe in iuy pleaſant ſhade,
But lo, while him a heauy ſleepe oppreſt,
His ſhadowy bowre, to withered ſtalke did fade,
A cankered worme did gnaw the root away,
And brought the glorious branches to decay.
O gracious plant, O tree of heauenly ſpring,
The paragon for leafe, for fruit and flower,
How ſweete a ſhadow did thy branches bring
To ſhrowd theſe ſoules that choſe thee for their bower,
But now while they with *Ionas* fall aſleepe,
To ſpoile their plant an enuious worme doth creepe.
Awake you ſlumbring wights, lift vp your eies,
Marke *Iudas* how to teare your roote he ſtriues,
Alas the glory of your arbor dies,
Ariſe and guard the comfort of your liues.
No *Ionas* iuy, no *Zacheus* tree,
Were to the world ſo great a loſſe as he.

The virgin Mary to Christ on the Crosse.

WHat miſt hath dimd that glorious face, what ſeas of griefe my ſun doth toſſe?
The golden raies of heauenly grace lies now ecclipſed on the croſſe.
Ieſus my loue, my ſonne, my God, behold thy mother waſht in teares:
Thy bloody wounds be made a rod, to chaſten theſe my latter yeares.
You cruel Iewes come worke your ire, vpon this worthleſſe fleſh of mine,
And kindle not eternall fire, by wounding him which is diuine.
Thou meſſenger that didſt impart, his firſt diſcent into my womb,
Come helpe me now to cleaue my heart, that there I may my ſonne intombe.
You Angels all that preſent were, to ſhew his birth with harmony,
Why are you now not ready here, to make a mourning ſymphony.
The cauſe I know you waile alone, and ſhed your teares in ſecreſie,
Leſt I ſhould moued be to mone, by force of heauie company.
But waile my ſoule, thy comfort aies, my wofull wombe lament thy fruit,
My heart giue teares vnto my eies, let ſorrow ſtring my heauy lute.

A holy Hymne.

PRaiſe, O Sion, praiſe thy Sauiour,
Praiſe thy Captaine and thy Paſtour,
With hymnes and ſolemne harmony.
What power affords performe indeede,
His works all praiſes farre exceede:
No praiſe can reach his dignity.
A ſpeciall theame of praiſe is read,
A liuing and a life giuing bread
Is on this day exhibited
Within the ſupper of our Lord,
To twelue diſciples at his bord,
As doubtleſſe twas deliuered.
Let our praiſe be lou'd and free,
Full of ioy and decent glee,
With mindes and voices melody.
For now ſolemnize we that day,
Which doth with ioy to vs diſplay
The priuy vſe of this miſtery,
At this borde of our new ruler,
Of new Law, new paſcall order.

The

1 The secret of this mistery 1620
2 of old law, and paschal order 1620

The ancient rite aboliſheth.
Old decrees by new annild,
Shadowes are in trueth fulfilld:
Day former darkenes finiſheth,
That at ſupper Chriſt performed
To be done he ſtraightly charged,
For his eternall memory.
Guided by his ſacred orders
Bread and wine vpon our altars
To ſauing hoſt we ſanctifie,
Chriſtians are by faith aſſured,
That to fleſh the bread is changed,
The wine to blood moſt precious,
That no wit nor ſence conceiueth
Firme and grounded faith belieueth
In ſtrange affects not curious.
Vnder kindes two in appearance
Two in ſhew bnt one in ſubſtance,
Be things beyond compariſon:
Fleſh is meat, blood drinke moſt heauenly:
Yet is Chriſt in each kinde wholy.
Moſt free from al diuiſion.
None that eateth him doth chew him,
None that takes him doth denie him
Receiued he whole perſeuereth.
Be there one or thouſands houſoled.

1 Kept by faith flach ye receive it — 1620
2 And Christ his blood most precious

One as much as all receiued,
He by no eating perisheth.
Both the good and bad receiue him,
But effects are diuers in them,
True life, or true destruction,
Life to the good, death to the wicked:
Marke how both alike receiued
With farre vnlike conclusion:
When the priest the hoast deuideth,
Know that each part abideth:
All that the whole hoast couered,
Forme of bread not Christ is broken,
Not of Christ but of his token
Is state or stature altered.
Angels bread made *Pilgrimes* feeding,
Truely bread for childrens eating
To dogs not to be offered:
Signd by *Isacke* on the alter
By the Lambe and paschall supper,
And in the manna figured.
Iesu food and feeder of vs,
Here with mercie feede and friend vs,
Then grant in heauen felicitie,
Lord of all whom here thou feedest,
Fellow heires, guests with thy dearest,
Make vs in heauenly company.

S. Peters afflicted minde.

IF that the ſicke may grone,
Or Orphane mourne his loſſe:
If wounded wretch may rue his harmes,
Or caitife ſhew his croſſe:
If heart conſumde with care
May vtter ſignes of paine,
Then may my breſt be ſorrowes home,
And tongue with cauſe complaine.
My maladie is ſinne,
And languor of the minde,
My body but a lazars couch,
Wherein my ſoule is pinde.
The care of heauenly kinde
Is death to my reliefe,
Forlorne and left like Orphan child
With ſighs I feede my griefe.
My wounds with mortall ſmart
My dying ſoule torment,
And priſoner to mine owne miſhaps
My follies I repent,
My heart is but the haunt
Where all diſlikes do keepe:
And who can blame ſo loſt a wretch,
Though teares of blood he weepe.

S. Peters

S. Peters remorse.

REmorse vpbraids my faults,
Selfe blaming conscience cries,
Sinne claimes the hoast of humbled thoughts,
And streames of weeping eies.
Let penance Lord preuaile,
Let sorrow sue release,
Let loue be vmpier in my cause,
And passe the doome of peace.
If doome go by desert,
My least desert is death,
That robs from soule immortall ioies,
From body mortall breath,
But in so high a God,
So base a wormes annoy
Can adde no praise vnto thy power,
No bliss vnto thy ioy.
Well may I frie in flames
Due fuell to hell fire,

But on a wretch to wreake thy wrath
Can not be worth thine ire,
Yet ſith ſo vile a woorme
Hath wrought his greateſt ſpight,
Of higheſt treaſon well thou maiſt
In rigor him endite,
But mercy may relent
And temper iuſtice rod:
For mercy doth as much belong
As iuſtice to a God.
If former time or place
More right to mercy winne,
Thou firſt wert author of my ſelfe,
The vmpier of my ſinne.
Did mercie ſpin the thread
To weaue in Iuſtice loome,
Wert thou a father to conclude
With dreadfull Iudges doome?
It is a ſmall reliefe
To ſay I was thy child,
If as an ill deſeruing foe
From grace I am exilde.
I was, I had, I could,
All words importing want:
They are but duſt of dead ſupplies,
Where needefull helpes are ſcant.

Once

Once to haue beene in bliſſe
That hardly can returne,
Doth but bewray from whence I fell,
And wherefore now I mourne.
All thoughts of paſſed hopes
Encreaſe my preſent croſſe:
Like ruines of decaied ioies
They ſtill vpbraide my loſſe,
O milde and mightie Lord,
Amend that is amiſſe:
My ſinne my ſoare, thy loue my ſalue,
Thy cure my comfort is.
Comfirme thy former deedes,
Reforme that is defilde:
I was, I am, I will remaine
Thy charge, thy choice, thy childe.

Man to the wound in Christs side.

O Pleasant port, O place of rest,
O royall rift, O worthy wound,
Come harbour me a wearie guest,
That in the world no ease haue found,
I lie lamenting at thy gate,
Yet dare I not aduenture in:
I beare with me a troublous mate,
And cumbred am, with heape of sinne,
Discharge me of this heauie load,
That easier passage I may finde.
Within this bowre to make aboade,
And in this glorious tombe be shrin'd,
Here must I liue, here must I die,
Here would I vtter all my griefe:
Heere would I all those paines discrie,
Which heere did meete for my releefe
Here would I view the bloudy sore,
Which dint of spitefull speare did breed,

The

The bloody wounds laid there in ſtore
  Would force a ſtony heart to bleede.
Heere is the ſpring of trickling teares,
  The mirror of all mourning wights,
With dolefull tunes, for dumpiſh cares
  And ſolemne ſhewes for ſorrowed ſights.
O happie ſoule that flies ſo hie,
  As to attaine this ſacred caue:
Lord ſend me wings that I may flie,
  And in this harbour quiet haue.

Vpon the Image of death.

BEfore my face the picture hangs,
That daily ſhould put me in mind
Of thoſe cold names and bitter pangs,
That ſhortly I am like to finde:
But yet alas full little I
Do thinke hereon that I muſt die.
I often looke vpon a face
Moſt vgly, griſly, bare and thinne,
I often view the hollow place,
Where eies, and noſe, haue ſometimes bin
I ſee the bones acroſſe that lie:
Yet little thinke that I muſt die.
I reade the Labell vnderneath
That telleth me whereto I muſt,
I ſee the ſentence eake that ſaith,
Remember man that thou art duſt:
But yet alas but ſeldome I:
Do thinke indeede that I muſt die.

Con-

Continually at my beds head,
A hearſe doth hang which doth me tel,
That I yer morning may be dead,
Though now I feele my ſelfe full well:
But now alas, for all this I
Haue little mind that I muſt die.
The gowne which I do vſe to weare,
The knife wherewith I cut my meate,
And eke that old and ancient chaire,
Which is my onely vſuall ſeate:
All thoſe do tell me I muſt die,
And yet my life amend not I.
My anceſtors are turnd to clay,
And many of my mates are gone,
My yongers dayly drop away,
And can I thinke to ſcape alone?
No, no, I know that I muſt die,
And yet my life amend not I.
Not *Salomon* for all his wits,
Nor *Sampſon* though he were ſo ſtrong,
No king nor euer perſon yet
Could ſcape, but death laid him along:
Wherefore I know that I muſt die.
And yet my life amend not I.
Though all the Eaſt did quake to heare,
Of *Alexanders* dreadfull name,

And all the Weſt did likewiſe feare.
To heare of *Iulius Ceſars* fame,
Yet both by death in duſt now lie,
Who then can ſcape but he muſt die?
If none can ſcape deaths dreadfull dart,
If rich and poore his becke obey,
If ſtrong, if wiſe, if all do ſmart,
Then I to ſcape ſhall haue no way.
Oh grant me grace O God that I,
My life may mend ſith I muſt die.

A vale

A vale of teares.

A Vale there is enwrapt with dreadful ſhades, (ſunne
Which thicke of mourning pines ſhrouds from the
Where hanging clifts yeld ſhort & dumpiſh glades,
And ſnowie flouds with broken ſtreames doe runne,
Where eie-roume is from rocke to cloudie skie,
From thence to dales which ſtormie ruines ſhroud,
Then to the cruſhed waters frothie frie,
Which tumbleth from the tops where ſnow is thow'd:
Where eares of other ſound can haue no choice,
But various bluſtring of the ſtubburne winde
In trees, in caues, in ſtraits with diuers noiſe,
Which now doth hiſſe, now howle, now roare by kinde:
Where waters wraſtle with encountering ſtones,
That breake their ſtreames and turne them into foame,
The hollow clouds ful fraught with thundering groans,
With hideous thumps diſcharge their pregnant wombe.
And in the horror of this fearefull quier,
Conſiſts the muſicke of this dolefull place.

All pleaſant birds their tunes from thence retire,
Where none but heauie notes haue any grace.
Reſort there is of none but pilgrim wights,
That paſſe with trembling foot and panting heart,
With terrour caſt in cold and ſhuddring frights,
And all the place to terrour framde by art:
Yet natures worke it is of arte vntoucht,
So ſtrait indeede, ſo vaſt vnto the eie,
With ſuch diſordred order ſtrangely coucht,
And ſo with pleaſing horror low and hie.
That who it viewes muſt needes remaine agaſt,
Much at the worke, more at the makers might,
And muſe how Nature ſuch a plot could caſt,
Where nothing ſeemed wrong, yet nothing right:
A place for mated minds, and onely bower,
Where euerie thing doth ſooth a dumpiſh mood.
Earth lies forlorne, the cloudie skie doth lower,
The wind here weepes, her ſighs, her cries aloude.
The ſtrugling floud betweene the marble grones,
Then roring beates vpon the craggie ſides,
A little off amidſt the pibble ſtones,
With bubling ſtreames a purling noiſe it glides:
The pines thicke ſet, hie growne, and euer greene,
Stil cloathe the place with ſhade and mourning vaile.
Here gaping cliffes, there moſſe growne plaine is ſeene,
Here hope doth ſpring, and there againe doth quaile.

Huge

Huge maſsie ſtones that hang by tickle ſtay,
Still threaten foule, and ſeeme to hang in feare,
Some withered trees aſhamde of their decay,
Be ſet with greene, and forcde gray coats to weare.
Here chriſtall ſprings crept out of ſecret vaine,
Strait finde ſome enuious hole that hides their graine.
Here ſeared tufts lament the wants of grace,
There thunder wracke giues terror to the place.
All pangs and heauie paſsions here may find
A thouſand motiues ſuitly to their griefes,
To feede the ſorrowes of their troubled mind,
And chaſe away dame pleaſures vaine relicfes.
To plaining thoughts this vaile a reſt may bee,
To which from worldly toyes they may retire.
Where ſorrow ſprings from water, ſtone and tree,
Where euerie thing with mourners doth conſpire.
Sit here my ſoule mourne teares afloate,
Here all thy ſinfull foiles alone recount,
Of ſolemne tunes make thou the dolefulſt note,
That to thy ditties dolor may amount,
When *Eccho* doth repeat thy painfull cries,
Thinke that the verie ſtones thy ſinnes bewray,
And now accuſe thee with their ſad replies,
As heauen and earth ſhall in the latter day,
Let former faults be fuell of the fire,
For griefe the Limbecke of thy heart to ſtill.

Thy penſiue thoughts,and dumps of thy deſire,
And vapoure teares vp to thy eyes at will,
Let teares to tunes,and paines to plaints be preſt,
And let this be the burthen to thy ſong,
Come deepe remorſe,poſſeſſe my ſinfull breſt:
Delights adue I harbourd you too long.

The prodigall childs ſoule wracke.

DIſankered from a blisfull ſhore,and lancht into the meane of cares
Grown rich in vice,in vertue poore,from freedom faln in fatal ſnares
I found my ſelfe on euerie ſide enwrapped in the waues of wo,
And toſſed with a toileſome tide,could to no port for refuge go.
The wraſtling wind, with raging blaſts ſtill hold me in a cruel chace.
They breake my anchors, ſaile,and maſts, permitting no repoſing place.
The boiſtrous ſeas with ſwelling flouds, on euery ſide did work their ſpight
Heauen ouercaſt with ſtormie clouds, dentde the Planets guiding light.
The helliſh furies lay in wait,to winne my ſoule into their power,
To make me bite at euery bait, wherein my bane I might deuoure.
Thus heauen and hel,thus ſea & land,thus ſtorms aud tẽpeſts did conſpire
With iuſt reuenge of ſcourging hand,to witnes Gods deſerued ire,
I plunged in this heauie plight, found in my faults iuſt cauſe to feare:
My darkeneſſe taught to know my light, the loſſe whereof enforced teares.
I felt my inward bleeding ſores,my feſtred wounds began to ſmart,
Stept far within deaths fatal doores,the pangs wherof were nere my hart
I cried truce,I craued peace,a league with death I would conclude,
But vaine it was to ſue releaſe,ſubdue I muſt or be ſubdude.

Death

Death & deceit had pitcht their ſnares & put their wonted proofes in vre
To ſinke me in diſpairing cares, or make me ſtoupe to pleaſures lure:
They ſought by their bewitching charmes, ſo to enchant my erring ſenſe,
That when they ſought my greateſt harmes, I might neglect my beſt defence.
My dazled eies could take no view, no heede of their receiuing ſhifts,
So often did they alter hew, and practiſe new deuiſed drifts:
With ſirens ſong they fed mine eares, till luld a ſleepe on errors lap,
I found their tun's turnd into teares, and ſhort delights to long miſhap.
For I inticed to their lore, and ſoothed with their idle toies
Was trained to their priſon doore, the end of all ſuch flying ioies:
Where chainde in ſinne I lay in thrall, next to the dungeon of diſpaire,
Till mercie raiſde me from my fall, and grace my ruine did repaire.

Mans ciuill warre.

My houering thoughts would flie to heauen, and quiet reſtle in the skie,
Faine would my ſhip in vtrtues ſhore without remoue at anchor lie:
But mounted thoughts are hailed down with heauie poiſe of mortal load,
And bluſtring ſtormes denie my ſhip, in vertues hauen ſure abode.
When inward eie to heauenly ſights doth draw my longing hearts deſire,
The world with leſſes of delights, would to her pearch my thoughts retire,
Fond fancie traines to pleaſures lure, though reaſon ſtiffely do repine.
Thogh wiſedom woo me to the ſaint, yet ſenſe would win me to the ſhrine,
Where reaſon loathes, there fancie loues, and euer rules the captiue wil
Foes ſenſes; and to vertues lore, they draw the wit their wiſh to fill.

Neede

Neede craues consent of soule to sence, yet diuers bents breeds ciuil fray.
Hard hap where halues must disagree, or trust of halues the hole betray.
O cruel fight where fighting frend with loue doth kil a fauouring foe.
Where peace with sense is warre with God and selfdelight the seed of woe.
Dame pleasures drugges are steept in sin, their sugred tast doth breed anoy,
O fickle sense beware her ginne, sell not thy soule for brittle toy.

Seeke flowers of heauen.

SOare vp my soule vnto thy rest, cast off this loathsome lode:
Long is the date of thy exile, too long the strickt abode,
Graze not on worldly withered weede, it fitteth not thy taste,
The flowers of euerlasting spring, do grow for thy repaste.
Their leaues are staind in beauties die, and blazed with their beames,
Their stalks inameld with delight, and limbde with glorious gleames.
Life giuing iuice of liuing loue their sugred vaines doth fill,
And watred with euerlasting showers. they nectared drops distill.
These flowers do spring from fertile soile, though from vnmanurde field,
Most glittering gold in lieu of glebe these fragrant flowers do yeeld:
Whose soueraigne sent surpassing sense, so rauisheth the minde,
That worldly weedes needes must he loath, that can these flowers find.

FINIS.